RICH MEN

And Philanthropists - Mackay, Flood. Fair, Girard, Astor, Lick, Peabody and Corcoran-Bonanza Princes to whom their Wealth is a Positive Barden.

Noble Examples of What they Might Do the city. When the landing was reached the remains were transferred to a funeral-car drawn by four splendid horses, and all the musical societies joined the immense procession, which, preceded by sixteen young girls clad in mourning, moved forward to the sound of Chopin's Funeral March, the tolling of the bells and the booming of the minute-With a Great Deal of It-By Following in the Footsteps of Peabody and Corcoran they Could Make the World Happier.

Washington correspondence Philadelphia Tions; "Wealth has never had any terrors for me, and yet it must be a very disagreeable thing to the possessir. I have happened to know several very rich men, but I have never known one who was happy. It seems to be the lot of rich men to be miserable. I went down into the mines of Virginia City, Neva-da, several years ago, with one of the richest men in the world, John W. Mackay, the est owner of shareson the Comstock lode, without doubt the richest man on the Paand without doubt the richest man on the Pacific coast. Mackay is a free, open-hearted,
moble fellow, with a heart above a silver
mine. He is good-natured, the most modest
of men, with habits as simple as a Bucks
county farmer. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage and has just the slightest roll to his
voice. He goes about Virginia City in a
woolen shirt, open at the throat, a dirty old
hat, without a band, and his trousers in his
boots. He told me while we were going
through the California and Consolidated Virginia mines, with millions of dollars in sight mines, with millions of dollars in sight in the green ore above us, below us and about us, that he began his fortune on that lode at the end of a pick, and that he did not believe that he was ever so

s six or eight dollars a day. He said no ubt people envied him his wealth, but that doubt people envised him his wealth, but that it was a thing that never brought happiness. His wife and children, as all well know, live in Paris, and she surpasses all in the cost and brilliancy of her entertainments. Mr. Mackay goes over there several times a year, and al-though he is devoted to his family I have an idea he does not enjoy that sort of a life. He gets sick there after a little while and has to come home. He has not a good digestion, and can neither eat well nor drink well. So he goes back to his mimes and works like a his money heaven only knows. James G. Fair, his money heaven only knows. James G. Fair, his partner, is another case where money does not bring happiness. I know Fair very well, too—we came near being killed together once. Fair used to be the real working superintendent of the mines. He was a good, jolly fellow, would take a drink with you and oil you all over with his smooth words. But in a few years the trouble and unxiety and the bead-work together

money. Ralston, the Bank of California and 'the street' owed Flood \$6,000,000 on call. When his immense building, the Nevada block, was finished, and he was ready to start the Nevada bank, he called for his \$6,000,000. The California bank suspended; Ralston was behind about \$5,000,000, and drowned himself in the North Fork. The people didn't seem to like Flood so well after this. He fitted up fine offices in his building, and became a 'banker.' He was never seen in his old haunts, and he rode in his carriage. His nts, and he rode in his carriage. His thought to be in danger at one time. He had often said that he was no better off than anybody else—that all he got in life was simply his board and clothes. Flood's fam-ily are very affectionate and domestic, and Miss Jennie is a modest, unaffected girl, who She was educated at a convent, and does not wear big diamonds and flash jewelry. What Flood will do with all his money heaven only knows. He says he doesn't know himself what to do with it. I had occasion the other day to find out something about certain rich men, and so I went to the congressional library. I wanted to find out how much these men had given away in benefactions. I looked up Stephen Girard first. He died without issue in 1831, leaving property valued at about \$3,000,000, and directed that \$2,000,000 should be applied to found a college for orphan boys, which was commenced in 1833 and opened in 1848. John Jacob Aster died in 1843, his property being estimated at not less than \$20,000,000. Fitz Green Halleck, the poet, was his private secretary, and it was thought that he induced Aster to give \$400,000 to

to fight the matter out with swords. The encounter took place by the light of three canductors are to give \$400,000 to found the Astor library. The son, William B. Astor, subsequently gave a like sum to the library. Mr. James Lick, a Pennsylvanian, who made a big fortune in California dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of dark for some time, until the fair cause of and died there left about \$2,000,000 in ben-efactions. Nearly a million was given to erect an observatory in California, and purchase a telescope, and half a million for the encouragement of mechanic arts in for the encouragement of mechanic arts in San Francisco. He gave also \$60,000 to erect a monument over the grave of Key, the author of the Star-Spangled Banner. George Peabody gave a million and a half of dollars for lodginghouses for the working classes in London; \$1,000,000 for an institution of learning in Baltimore; \$1,500,000 for a museum in Harvard college, and \$2,000,000 for common schools in the southern States. and made available after the death of the testator, when he could no longer use the money. But it takes a brave man to give away the bulk of his fortune while alive and in the enjoyment of good health. But the greatest American philanthropist that ever lived, excepting George Peabody, is W. W. Corcoran, of this city, and it was about him that I started to write. He is now eighty two years old, and during his life he has given away \$3,000,000 in public benefactions and \$1,000,000 in private charities, or about three-quarters of his entire fortence. I have seen the figures and know. The Corcoran art gallery, including the building and endownent, cost more than \$1,000,000, and is the pride of the city of Washington. There is not ing equal to it in the country. The Louis Ho.ue, for decayed gentlewomen of the south, is a stoble benefaction, and the building and crounds are a great ornament to building and country are a great ornament to be a subject to the specific or the country. The building and country are a great ornament to be continued to the service of the south his city of washington. endownent, cost more than \$1,000,000, and is the pride of the city of Washington.

There is not ling equal to it in the country.

The Louis Holue, for decayed gentlewomen of the south, is a noble benefication, and the of the south, is a noble benefication, and the vessel reported by the pilot-boat Thomas N. building and grounds are a great ornament to the city and the admiration of strangers. Negus (No. 1) as being seen in about the More than half a million is represented here. To Columbia university Mr. Corcoran has given money, houses and lands amounting to a quarter of a million dollars. A hundred

thousand was given to the Ascension church. To the University of Virginia he has given hundred of thousands of dollars, and to the city of Washington, in addition to his many other gifts, he gave Oak Hill cemetery, and improved it at a total expense of \$130,000. Mr. Corcoran's ertire family consists of three grandchildren, through his doughter Louise, and three nieces and nephewa." Ole Bull's Funeral. New York Tribune: "The Norwegian papers give full accounts of the extraordinary fu-neral honors paid to the memory of Ole Bull, which were such as have never before been which were such as have never before been shown, except to the remains of royal personages. On the beautiful island of Lyseu (fale of Light), about twenty miles from the city of Bergen, Ole Bull had recently built a large chateau, and to this island home he was taken, on his return from America, suffering from a severe illness, which soon terminated fatally. As the last hour approached he took a tender leave of those around him, and while, at his request, his wife was playing Mozart's requiem on the large organ, he passed away peacefully and without pain. In passed away peacefully and without pain. In the man was to be disfigurement for the man was to be disfigurement for the man or other than the passed away peacefully and without pain. In the man was to be disfigurement for the man was to be disfigurement for the man or other than the passed away peacefully and without pain. In the generosity and the passed away peacefully and without pain. In the generosity and the passed away peacefully and without pain. In the generosity and the passed away peacefully and without pain. In the generosity and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and the other of the green corps and the other of the green corps, had a duel, and private curse fastened upon her for all and private curse fastened upon her for all and private curse fastened upon her duely and without particles. passed away peacefully and without pain. In the magnificent music-hall his body lay in state, surrounded by trophies of his long life was either disfigurement for the man or death for the dog. They chose the lesser of the heart, divided the costly apple with less the man was to be disfigurement for the man or death for the dog. They chose the lesser of death for the dog, and the attendant the heavy form the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, a silver niusic-stand from the students of St. Petersburg, a crown of diamonds and pearls from California, orders and deco-

rations from all the kings and queens of Europe, pictures and treasures of all kinds. The king sent telegrams of condolence to his family, and the government ordered a large steamer to the island for the convenience of those who wished to pay their last tribute of respect to him whom the whole nation mourned. When the day for burial came the government again sent a A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Case of Owen, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, Charged with the Murder of burial came the government again sent a steamer to bring the remains to Bergen, and His Wife-One of the "Causes Celebres" of the Day-Dan fourteen other steamers, all draped in mourn-ing with flags at half-mast, to escort it. The body was borne to the boat by the peasants on the estate, by whom Ole Bull was almost Voorhees and adored, and the imposing cortege proceeded to the city. When the landing was reached the

oe M' Donald, United States Senators from Indiana, his Counsel-His Pride Prevented Him from Saying that His Wife had Committed Suicide.

entrance to the harbor. The cemetery, on the outskirts of the city, is crossed by two broad avenues, and the point of intersection, overhung with trees, around which seats are placed Cincinnati Commercial: "I remember," said Senator Voorhees, "once defending, at Craw-fordsville, Indiana, a man named Owen, indesignated by the municipality of Bergen as the last resting place of Ole Bull. All busi-ness in the city was suspended, shops, banks and all public offices were closed, and all the way from the landing place to the cemetery, a distance of three miles, the houses were It was twenty-odd years ago. Owen was a respectable farmer in good circumstances, and a consistent church member. He had been twice married. He had several children by his first wife; his second was child-less, a circumstance which peculiarly affected with flowers and evergreens. In the heart of Ole Bull Norway always held the first place, and in the national sorrow of his death his country shows that this love was understood her mind and temper. She would not per-mit his children to reside with her, and compelled him to find a home for them else-where. She had a fancy, too, that he was criminally intimate with the wife of one of Cotton Mills Very Profitable at the South.

Hon. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, we observe, has lately been witing to a prominent silvery of New Crienns that he cannot consider a physician, but she was a south of the serve, has lately been writing to a prominent citizen of New Orleans that he cannot conance and sent for a physician, but she was dead before any one arrived. Her sudden demise excited suspicion, and three days after her burial this was communicated to him by a friend, who further informed him that arrangements had been made to disinter the body and investigate it. Owen was greatly agitated at this intelligence, and, after a short pause, replied: 'If this is done and poison is found Kezia's (his deceased wife's christian name) stomach, I will be accused of her murder and convicted and hanged. But I am as innocent of it as that tree,' pointing to one near by. That night he transferred all his property to his son, disguised himself and fled the country. The body of his wife was exhumed and an autopsy had. Enough strychnine was found in her body to kill a muie. There was a universal expression of horror at the discovery, and a scientiously recommend the establishment of cotton mills at the south, on the assumption The New Orleans Democrat makes a sharp issue with Mr. Atkinson on these several points. The subject is one of sufficient general interest to demand for it a hearing. The editor says:

to demand for it a hearing. The editor says:

We do not know what Mr. Atkinson's grounds are for making these statements. He confines himself to mers assertions, without advancing any facts to verify them. We submit however, that all the argument in the world would avail nothing against the unanswerable demonstration of fact, and that such practical propositions as the success of the mills at Columbus, Georgia, Weeson and Natches, Mississippi, and other southern points, are more cloquent and convincing than all the theories and arguments that human ingenuity could accumulate. It is a well-known fact that these Georgia and Mississippi mills have for some years past been paying dividends of from fifteen to thirty-five per cent; that they have gone on, year after year, increasing their capacity and adding to their force -steadily becoming more solid and prosperous, and adding fresh force to the demonstration of the south's peculiar adaptation to cotton factories. The only obstacle to the general establishment of cotton factories, and to the spluning and weaving of all the cotton raised in the south, immediately at the source of its production, is the want of sufficient capital here and the belief on fordsville in irons, and it was with diffi-culty that his execution by a mob could be prevented. Joe M'Donald (now my colleague in the senate), Jim Wil-son, once a representative in con-gress and subsequently minister to Vene-zuela, and myself, defended him. There was a formidable prosecution, Lew Wallace, Judge Gregory and others appearing against him. It was proven that a short time before Mrs. Owen's death her husband had pur-chased a quantity of strychnine in a drug

tinental nor British German, do we find the genius which, under the Italians and Dutch of two centuries ago, and in the French to-day, annihilated processes in brilliant intuition. The graceful mind and flaming invention of Boecacio fecundated Shakespeare. Rabelais lived before Dogberry, Falstaff or Polonius were cut to pattern. The architecture of London came from the Venetians; Vandyke was, as Gerome is, the artist of a British age. No nation has less artistic innateness than the English, and the German Apollo is a tailor who steps into sculpture, music and painting with a measuring line. It is a hopeful sign that in the new American world we look like, feel like and grow like the Franco-Romans. We are already too English."

A most romantic duel was recently fought by candle-light between a young cavalry officer and a student at the Ecole des Mines, Paris The officer M de Montford went to the content of the property and flight, all combined, nearly irresistibly led to the conviction of his guilt. 'Mr. Voorhees,' he said to me, 'however darkly things may appear ugainst that in the new American world we look like, feel like and grow like the Franco-Romans. We are already too English."

A Bomantic Duel by Candle-Light.

A most romantic duel was recently fought by candle-light between a young cavalry officer and a student at the Ecole des Mines, Paris The officer M de Montford went to the remark and the market aution of owen was taken to Wilson's private residence, pursued by a crowd crazed with disappointment and thirsting for his blood. Wilson, M'Donald and I stood at the front gate with pistols in our hands, and checked the approach of the mob until Owen could escape from the rear of the house in a conveyance that had been provided for him. It

escape from the rear of the house in a conveyance that had been provided for him. It is the only time in my life that I ever saw M'Donald with a pistol. He showed an unmistakable purpose to use it if necessary. Owen went to Texas and died there, I presume, as I have never seen or heard of him since. His wife had committed suicide. He knew it, but preferred to keep the fact to himself to avoid scandal and exposing her. He was a weak but an honest man. For his comme il faut ladies of the quarter. All were enjoying their repast when a certain M. Protche, a pupil' of the school of mines, sat down at an adjoining table and began to "make eyes" at Mile. Chapuis. Her host gradually grew more and more impatient at these marked signs of M. Protche's admiration, and on an angry remark from its object he got up and went to the table at which his annoyer was sitting, and expostulated. A discussion ensued, and M. de Montfort presented his card, and the whole party adjourned to Mile. Chapuis's apartments in the Rue des Ecoles to fight the matter out with swords. The encounter took place by the light of three cancounter to the table to a capi

A most romantic duel was recently fought by candle-light between a young cavalry of-ficer and a student at the Ecole des Mines,

Paris. The officer, M. de Montford, went to dine in company with another young fellow, M. de Villarnon, and a fair friend, Mile.

Clemence Chapuis, at a bouillon on the Boulevard St. Michel, frequented, according to the expression of the latter, by the most comme il faut ladies of the quarter. All were

crop appears to be the general estimate of planters. We hear general complaint of corn rotting in the fields, The weather is now favorable.

A Curious Story. Carlton Weiman in New York Sun; "Two

even at the Expense of the Neces-sity, Woman.

A Baccaulaureate address delivered by Mrs.
Gush before the graduates of ______ college,
and specially reported for the Memphis Ar-

day man was evolved from the red clay of Palestine and became under the Maker's Palestine and became under the Maker's hands a breathing, sentient being. It was the pleasure of the Creator to vivify that humble clod. Man was not a necessity in that beautiful and perfect creation which had grown out of chaos—a rayless, illimitable chaos. He was fashioned merely because it pleased the Divine Artist to expleased the Divine Artist to experiment in mysterious combinations, and to amuse the celestial court by an exhibition of material and spiritual life grown into an affinity that shall drive it whither and thither in a perpetual discord and a fearfully dramatic confusion. I repeat: Man was not a necessity; but when upon this lone planet he stood, sole monarch of earth, something else declared itself a necessity, and the quick creative wisdom in a moment imagined the being which should fill that want. The necessity became an actuality in the delicate mould of poor fair Eve. Now of that man who was not a necessity but a pleasant freak mould of poor fair Eve. Now of that man who was not a necessity but a pleasant freak of the Divine Humor, that man as he is to-day exaggerated by the fingering of 6000 years of accumulating civilization. Of that man's rights I wish to speak to-night. As he stands to-day he is too large a subject for an ordinary half hour speaking to handle. As he stands in the lens of this powerful nineteenth century, each little attribute, from the physical whisker under his left ear to the mental crotchet just under his carefully perfumed forchead, from his skillfully trained little finger to the cultivated appetite under Greenville (Miss.) Times: "The heavy rain of last Sunday still further damaged the cotton. The rain was so excessive that ton. On the creek they have been a week later than on the river front, but are rapidly making up for lost time. One of the worst effects of the wet weather is that gathering the cotton has been so obstructed that there will be but one good picking. Thus the damaged and the good will be mixed and admit of but one, an inferior, grade. A half

little finger to the cultivated appetite under his watch-pocket, there are a thousand themes that could fill a half hour and overflow it on either side. As I utter the word man, of these many themes which rush to my lips, I choose one which may at least appear original, and full of faith in the interest that it will inof faith in the interest that it will inspire in these young hearts I announce it. My subject is "Men's Rights." In the first place it is man's undeniable right to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In Genesis this right is located upon him in the shape of a curse. It does not say how woman is to get her bread, but the natural inference is that she must beg, borrow or steal that important need of the body from her lord and master—man. Woman has her own special and private curse fastened upon her for all earth's centuries, but from this bread-getting business she is entirely exempted by

SUBJECT TWO SHEET AND A SUBJECT OF THE SUBJECT OF T

secret, just as our Adam of to-day retires to snug, quiet places to revel in selfish feasts. Clearly it is man's right to be the breadwinner. Not in the old-fashioned way of digging the ground, gathering the grain and grinding it, but in seizing upon every position which pays best and in collecting from it all the money that he can lay his hands upon. This is undeniably his right. If woman behaves very nicely and begs quite humbly, she can have a crust now and then, because you know she is a necessity, and must be kept alive, and the hungrier she gets the tamer she always is, and the more easily kept in order. In these latter days, it has been found that in this breadgetting business woman is a capital assistant. She is a conscientious worker. She does not understand the near-cuts that modern men call speculation. She must not be admitted entirely behind the scenes, but must be kept in a kind of delicious mystery and laden with the unintermitting dendgery that leaves

in a kind of delicious mystery and laden with the unintermitting drudgery that leaves little leisure for thought. She must be gotten cheaply; there are so many woman workers now, soldiers widows and impoverished southern females (against the latter Wash-ington will soon proclaim as loudly as San Francisco does against the Chinese.) It is was assigned to man, and consequent woman is always to be merely an humb

gery that has been apportioned to her. There are plenty of women, and one can easily be found to take her place, and she will readily deride her predecessor, for, most fortunately there is no union among women workers, and whenever a man wants to me can divide the strongest coalition of women that was ever bound together by oath or vow.

Turning from these stereoscope views of man's rights in the outside, the busines world where the battle rages so hotly, let us take a brief survey of his rights in the domestic irole. To begin at the beginning we will brief survey of his rights in the domestic circle. To begin at the beginning, we will commence at the early hour of dawn as it drops over the home of a man who is a benedict. First and foremost, he should not be defrauded of his morning nap. It is his right to sleep, aye, snore, in the morning, and who on earth has the power to disturb a lord of creation? His humble partner should slip out of the couch like a sword from the sheath. Years of practice will enable her to do this successfully. She must tread upon her toes. Years of practice will enable her to do this successfully. She must tread upon her toes, and must not don her gaiters until she is safely out of her lord's apartments. When she bathes her face and hands, she must not allow the water to trickle from her fingertips into the basin, for masculine nerves are easily jarred upon at that early hour. Then she must briefly hie herself away to her various morning duties, and must be positive, as fore the head of the house. Maybe the wood-chopper or the hostler is hors du combat, never mind; don't rush in on your lord with the tidings, for bad news will keep. Just rub down the mules and give them some feed, and then swing that ax across a few armfuls of cord-wood; it is good for the must be and will give you time to seed! But in a few years the trouble and anxiety and the head-work together broke him down. He lived underground about half the time, and there were always a lot of roughs about who would not hesitate to knock him in the head. Hiffing, as he did, several thousand rough fellows, he made enemies and had vengeance sworn against him many a time. He knock own and had to give up and seek rest. He had just returned from Chins. Flood, the ofher partner of Mackay, I know, too. He is almost as rich as Mackay, I know, too, He i

toe of the left foot, but believing curiosity to be vulgar, I abstained from further questions. A short time afterward my brother asked our permission to smoke in our presence. Knowing that it had always been distasteful to my friend when she was a girl, I rebuked my brother for asking the permission.

"Oh!" she interjected, "I can bear any amount of smoking now. My husband smokes every night after he goes to bed until he gets sleepy, and then I get up and put away the pipe. It suffocated me at first and gave me palpitation of the heart, but" (with a wan, dreary smile) "I do not mind it now."

Once I visited her, and, wonding my way into the parlor, espied her lord stretched upon a sofa reading reports of the grange. "Did you read my last speech, delivered before the A—grange?" "No," I reply, and, gliding out into the back yard, I find my friend employed in assisting her cook to construct a henhouse. Her face was quite flushed as we sat down together on a pile of new oak boards.

But I must not give a full history of my friend. I only wished to indicate her better half as one man who had his rights. He had half as one man who had his rights. He had a perfect right to lie on the parlor sofa and call himself a granger while his wife built the henhouse. She was the daughter of a southern planter who had owned hundreds of slaves, and she had never laced her own shoes until that 9th of April, 1865, when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox courthouse. Since Grant at Appointatox courthouse. Since then she had believed that she could work; There has been a great deal said about woman's rights, so I thought that to be original I would say something about man's

world together, pray that you may never wildly "uusex" yourselves, but may meekly follow always, and set yourself "like perfect music unto noble words."

SULLIVAN, IND., September 21.—William M'Crary and Isaac Draper have been at hitter enmity for some years. M'Crary was a hard, reckless man, and had become so intimate with Mrs. Isaac Draper as to be openly charged with being her paramour. On June 4, 1879, Draper coming home at night unexpectedly, discovered M'Crary and Mrs. Draper in clandestine meeting. A desperate fight took place in the dark, Draper shooting M'Crary in the breast. The matter was ties figured prominently in the illustrated police papers. Draper separated from his wife, as did also M'Crary from his wife. Mc-Crary, however, has never failed to keep up his intimate relations—ith Mrs. Draper, and, although living with his wife, Draper has felt this. Draper is the keeper of a saloon. M'Crary has been hanging around the saloon all to-day in an intoxicated condition, quarreling and bickering, and threatening to shoot Draper. About 6 o'clock he told a friend he met that either he himself or Draper must die to-night. About 8 o'clock he went into a neighboring drug-store, and, cocking his pistol, walked to the saloon and commenced peering in, looking for Draper, as is supposed. While in this act, suddenly there rang out sharp and clear two gunshots from overhead, and M'Crary fell over, instantly killed. He was shot with a shotgun, sixteen overhead, and M'Crary fell over, instantly killed. He was shot with a shotgun, sixteer shots entering his head. The shots were fire

shots entering his head. The shots were fired from the upper window of the saloon, and hit MCrary on the top of the head. While there is no proof as yet as to who the murderer is, there is no doubt among the people that it is Draper. Draper was arrested, and is under \$10,000 bonds. The preliminary examination will be held to-morrow. The unhappy woman, the direct cause of the murder, is said to be nearly crazed by it.

M'Crary is from Tennessee, where his people are well off. The town is greatly excited over the murder. Discovery of a Terrible Crime RIVER FALLS, Wis., September 24.—This afternoon at 2 o'clock Mary Weldon, aged ten, was found lying upon the floor at her home horribly mutilated, dead and decaying.

Her sister, aged twelve, was lying on a lounge senseless, but has partly recovered. The father is missing. No clue to the murderers has been obtained. Excitement intense.

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PRIVATE Medical Dispensary,

Supreme Court Sale of Real Estate.

DY virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Martha Alston, on the fourth day of April, 1873, recorded in book 93, page 402, in the office of the Register of Shelby county, Tennessee, for the purpose of securing to John Gaston the payment of certain indebtedness therein described, a balance of which is still unpaid, I will, at the request of the holder of said debt, on

T. B. Turley. Attorney